

BANNER OF PROGRESS.

VOL. I.

SAN FRANCISCO, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1867.

NO. 6.

LITERARY.

My Spirit Sister.

BY J. RILEY MAINS.

"Why call me back, brother, from that bright golden shore,
Where flowers never fade, but bloom forevermore,
To this dark earth of thine, filled with sorrow and care?
Say, why dost thou call me from my home bright and fair?"

"I would have thee, dear sister, be with me to-night,
For my soul it is thirsting and seeking for light;
I would know of thy home, of its gardens and bowers,
In that beautiful land of unending flowers."

"To tell thee, dear brother, of that sweet summer land—
Of its beautiful groves by soft zephyrs fanned—
Of its streamlets and fountains of purple and gold—
I could not one-half of its beauties unfold."

"There are flowery blooms in those gardens of love,
And birds sweetly sing from the branches above;
Where the rose and the ivy round the myrtle doth twine,
In that beautiful home, dear brother of mine."

"My dear spirit sister, if thy home is so fair,
I would fain leave this earth to be with thee there,
In that beautiful land where care is unknown,
Through its gardens of pleasure forever to roam."

"O, no, my dear brother, that cannot now be!
You must wait yet a while, ere you come home to me;
When your mission is ended, and earth's journey is o'er,
I'll meet you and guide you to that bright golden shore."

OLIVE BRANCH.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

Written expressly for the Banner of Progress.

BY FANNY GREEN M'DOUGAL.

CHAPTER VI.—CONTINUED.

Wilfred now felt that all resistance was vain; and smiting his breast, with an action of insupportable anguish, he stood quaking from head to foot, as if seized with an ague. The struggle was fierce; but by a great effort he recovered his self-command, and grew calm.

"Olive," he said, "you have decided righteously. I deserve this. I deserve even the horrible anxiety I shall suffer on your account. When you have left me, let all the past be forgotten, if it be possible, and think of me only in these last moments; for in these, alone, you have seen my better—my real self. O, my beloved! I was once good, and pure, and high-hearted as yourself! You have inspired me with the hope that I may again be so; and I believe, also, with the will to accomplish it. Now may Heaven bear witness to my vow!"

He took her hand, and clasping it between both his own, held it to his throbbing heart. "Olive! dear Olive!" he said; "I ask no encouragement. I shall from this moment begin to be worthy of you. When the time comes—and come it will—I shall seek you through the wide world, if it be but to show you the value of the nature you have redeemed—the truth and purity of the deathless affection you have called forth."

As he spoke, he bent his lips to her pale forehead, imprinting a kiss there, so tender, and so chaste, that an angel would not have shrunk from it; and his tears fell on the fair hand he held. The girl was greatly agitated. Her strength almost forsook her. But the dreadful plot for her ruin came to mind, and the thought nerved her.

"Wilfred," she answered, in a voice scarcely audible, "do not try to shake my resolution. For the last three years but few words of kindness have ever been addressed to me; and God knows that if there had been a single human being to protect, and speak to me kindly, I should not have taken the step I have done. But should I accept your protection now, under any form, I feel that I should forfeit at least a portion of my own self-respect. Let it be sufficient that I believe you sincere. I now see your character in a wholly new light—and—" she hesitated.

"Speak, Olive, my darling! speak!" he cried; and seizing her hand, he kissed it passionately.

She quickly withdrew it; but at the same time, looking him full in the face, with those serene, deep, beautiful eyes fixed mournfully on his, she said: "If it will be any solace to you to know that I shall always cherish your memory; that I feel myself at this moment bound to you by indissoluble ties; that I shall through life regard this covenant as sacred—sacred as if the external form of marriage had bound us—that I will keep myself widowed for your sake—that I will not—and cannot be—united to any other; then take comfort; for it will surely be. I know not why I am led to make this declaration; but something seems to prompt me which I cannot resist."

As she uttered these words, she looked up at him with that kind of mournful, but still confiding affection, tempered by the fine dignity of a strong and true will, which is at once the most hallowed, and the most enthralling expression that ever lit the face of woman; for it reveals at the same time her weakness and her strength, her helplessness and her self-reliance, her love and the virtue which is stronger.

He threw himself on the floor at a little distance from her, while his whole form seemed penetrated with the intensest passion, chastened by grief, and yet subdued by an unwonted feeling of respect, and even awe.

"Leave me!" he cried; "cruel, yet adorable one! If I approach you—if I but touch the hem

of your garment—I am lost; and ah! Olive! why do I see you so excellent—so lovely—so unequalled in all things? Is it only to be tantalized—to be tortured and racked with the idea of your loss? Ah! why, in Heaven's name! were not my eyes opened to the truth before?"

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Reaching out her hand, she said, in a voice whose low, sweet music had not a single tremor: "Rise, Wilfred. To protract this scene only gives unnecessary pain to both of us."

Mechanically he obeyed. She then took a stalk containing two bridal roses, from the bouquet which he had that morning presented her; and having broken off one, she gave it to him.

"Keep this," she said; "and may it yet be to us a truer and purer omen than it was first intended to be. I will look on it and hope."

He took the gift, and pressing it to his lips, bowed his head over it, with thoughts of prayer. Then placing it in his bosom, he said solemnly: "Olive, there is something now assures me that this broken stem shall be reunited; and may he who brings it back to you be worthy of the love, which he may then be permitted to claim, than he who first gave it to you."

"You are calm now," she said. "God bless you!"

She laid her hand on his forehead as he knelt before her. He pressed the hand to his lips a moment, tenderly, but gently; then rising, he whispered, "Shall we go?"

He took up her basket, and she followed him in perfect silence, through the halls, down the stairs, and out of the house. He accompanied her to the corner of the next street, when she took the basket from him and said, "Go back now."

He wrung her hand, turned a corner, and Olive was alone in that most oppressive of all solitudes, the bustling population of a great city.

CHAPTER VII.

"While I in a populous solitude languish,
Mid foes that beset me, and friends that are cold;
O, the pilgrim of Earth, who has felt in his anguish,
That the heart may be widowed before it is old."

At first Olive ran very fast through several streets; for she had not yet recovered from a sense of danger. Then she stopped for a moment and tried to collect herself; for she was bewildered, and seemed to move in a kind of maze. The intense feeling and rapid changes of the last hour had left the effect of an exciting dream. It was not without great effort that she was able to compose herself so far as to give the necessary degree of attention to the necessities of her situation. She had wandered about some time before she recollected that she had formerly an aunt living in Boston; and as soon as this idea occurred to her, she determined to seek her. She had no knowledge whatever of her aunt's residence. All she knew was that she had once lived in Boston; but whether she lived there still, or was living at all, she could not be certain. Naturally timid, and sensitive in the highest degree, with the habits of a recluse, and a total ignorance of the world, poor Olive was nearly sinking under these new terrors. She felt as if everybody must notice her, as if everybody must know her loneliness, and suspect her on account of it; and this very consciousness made her conspicuous. At length an old gentleman observed the distress which she could not conceal.

"What is the matter, my child?" said he, kindly. "You seem to be a stranger."

"I am, indeed, sir," replied Olive, dropping a little rustic courtesy; for she had always lived in the little rustic cottage she came to reside with Mrs. Branch. "I wish to go to my aunt, but I don't know where to find her."

"Have you examined a directory?" inquired the gentleman; and learning that she had not, he said: "Come with me, then. I will find one, and look for you."

"Thank you, sir," answered Olive, following him with the utmost confidence and simplicity, into the store of a druggist at the corner.

"What is your aunt's name?" he then asked.

"Walcott. Mrs. Nancy Walcott," replied Olive.

"She is the widow of George Walcott."

"Ah!" said he; "I knew George Walcott very well. Good fellow, too—rather too good to be successful in this rough-and-tumble kind of a world. And so you were his niece, pretty one?"

"His wife was my aunt."

"Ah, yes! all the same; and better, too, perhaps. Let us look. Here we find it—only a little way off, too—out in Orange street." Then taking out a pencil, he gave her the street and number on a slip of paper.

"Come," he said, "I am fortunately going out that way; and if you can walk pretty fast I will show you along. I am a little in a hurry," and taking out his watch, he added: "There are twenty minutes left yet. I can show you over the worst of the way in that time."

As they went along the gentleman expressed as much curiosity as his good-breeding would allow,

concerning the position of the fair young creature by his side. Olive, who was very truthful, found herself in a dilemma. She would not tell a falsehood; and how could she speak the truth? Her confusion did not escape his notice; and he delicately forbore to question her.

At length, as they had just reached a corner, the gentleman said: "I must leave you now. The next street, turning to the right, is Orange street; and your aunt's house must be, I think, on the left-hand side, about the second square up. Indeed, I hope you will find her," he added, as he gave her his hand; "for you will permit such an old fellow as I am, to say that you are quite too young, and too pretty, to be in these wicked streets alone. Good bye, and God bless you, my child!"

Olive pressed his hand to her lips, with a child-like simplicity in the act, that quite enchanted the old man.

"Ah! I know," he said, "you are a good little girl, and you feel lonesome here. I wish I could go with you."

Olive had involuntarily followed him a few steps. His protection had been such a support—such a blessing to her—that she shrunk from the loneliness which would now be more oppressive. But recollecting the engagement which her kind protector had mentioned, she did not, as she was beginning to do; but struggling for courage, she thanked him for his kindness; and, turning the corner, walked very fast until she came to Orange street; then she began to think what she should say to her aunt. She decided to tell her the whole truth; for what else could she tell? But would her aunt believe the story? Would she be willing to receive her? Oppressed with these terrible uncertainties, and various others which her fancy conjured up, Olive walked to and fro some time before she dared touch the bell. It was a plain house. The blinds were closed. There were no signs of life about, and it had, altogether, as she fancied, a most forbidding aspect.

At length, with desperate resolution, the poor forlorn girl pulled the bell. It rang louder than she intended to make it, giving a kind of sepulchral sound, as if it came from quite empty passages. The hollow echoes smote on the heart of poor Olive; and although no one came, it was some time before she ventured to ring again. At length she did so, when, after a little time, a servant-girl came up from the kitchen of the next house in the block, and inquired her business.

"I came to see my aunt, Mrs. Walcott," returned Olive. "I thought she lived here."

"Ah! no, honey! the people that lived there, 's been gone this month, nearly; but if ye'll wait a bit, I'll run up stairs and git the place they's gone to; for my mistress knows her—that is, Mrs. Walcott."

Thus saying, she went back into the house, leaving the poor girl in a state of mind bordering on despair.

When she returned with another address, Olive asked: "Is it far?"

"Och, yes! it's a good mile an' a half. But ye can git a lift in the omnibus when ye're at the bottom o' the strate, yonder. There! the baby's cryin', an' I must run; so go along wid ye, too, an' find yer aunt." Thus saying, the girl shut the door; and Olive was again alone—alone in a great city! O, that most terrible thought of a young and delicate and timid girl!

"Ah! what shall I do, and why didn't I beg that good gentleman to let me go with him, or wait for him somewhere if he couldn't go with me?" then sighed poor Olive, as she turned away.

CHAPTER VIII.

"How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity!
Like thee, reserve their ransom for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix the pitying tears with those that weep!"

At first, Olive thought she would go out to the corner and wait, hoping possibly the gentleman might be returning the same way; but the idea of being unable to answer the questions he might ask prevented her from doing this; and besides, it was now getting late. She must try her utmost to find the place before night; for what could she do when it became dark?

So she hurried on, frequently inquiring her way. Sometimes she would receive wrong directions, and by the next instruction find that she had gone widely astray; and this caused a want of faith in everything that was told her, that greatly enhanced her distress. At length she was quite bewildered in the mazes of that most intricate of all cities; faint from want of food, and worn out with fatigue, she was nearly sinking to the earth.

She had a few shillings, and might pay for a night's lodging; but where should she go? Would not everybody suspect her, it was so unnatural for a young girl, like herself, to be alone in such a place? She looked at the thronged entrances to some of the large hotels, which her instincts seemed to tell her were the places most likely to be safe. But how could she go through all those crowds of strange men; and what should she say when she had done so? It was all terrible—inconceivably dreadful!

Is there a holy charm in certain forms of youth and beauty, that no one spoke insultingly to Olive? that even the libertine, whose cold, leaden eyes

rested so boldly on the fashionable ladies of his acquaintance, and were accustomed to wander from face to face, in search of prey, felt a sensible rebuke when they rested on her? I know not; but so it was. She attracted much attention; but yet she went on, unhurt, as if she had been a stray lamb, which impressed every one with its own sweet innocence, and thus took away all thought of injury.

At last she could go no farther; and she sank, exhausted, on the steps of a small house. She was alone in the midst of throngs of people, all going to their homes; but she had none—no home—no shelter—not even the pledge of good character, which might open for one night the doors of charity. For the charity of the world is a fine lady—nice and squeamish—and it will by no means give so much as a crust, or the roof of its kitchen or shed, to shelter the poor wanderer, lest there should be left some taint of dishonor—something on the foul garments that might soil its own over-fair and well-embroidered robes. And so Poverty, crushed and dumb—and thrust forth into the street for want of proper vouchers—is compelled to sink into the arms of Vice.

Do they who represent the Respectability and Virtue of society ever think of this?

It was growing dark. Would Olive be taken up as a vagrant, she repeatedly asked herself, and be carried off among bad people? Her brain seemed to be on fire; and its intense action made a strange and frightful contrast with her cold and powerless limbs—her heavy and sinking heart. As all these maddening thoughts, one after another, rushed on her mind, a deadly sickness came over her, and she turned ashy pale.

But she was not to be wholly neglected. The world is not completely selfish, even amid its throngs. A poor mulatto woman saw and took pity on her; and though she was in a great hurry to take home the basket of clothes, which she bore on her arm, she stopped involuntarily, and in kind tones, tempered by a sincere respect, which was at once grateful and soothing, she said: "Are you sick, Miss?"

There was such an appearance of honesty, as well as kindness, in the words, looks, and manner of the speaker, that poor Olive's heart was opened at once; and in a few words she told enough of her sorrowful story to show that she was alone, poor, friendless, and unprotected.

"There's a great many that wouldn't believe it, Miss," said the poor woman, as she concluded her mournful narrative; "but I do. I believe every word of it. If you have any friends in the city, I'll help you find them."

"Alas!" replied Olive; "I have not even a single acquaintance here, excepting one aunt. I have been trying to find her; but I cannot."

"I have a little ten-footer* of my own, with two nice, snug rooms in it," returned the other, "if you wouldn't be too proud to go and rest there."

"O, anywhere!" cried the poor girl, who had been distressed by the inquiring and familiar looks that were frequently bent on her; "anywhere—so I get away from here!"

This was enough. Mrs. Bliss, for such was the kind woman's name, taking up her load again, and bidding Olive follow her, went along talking to herself. "It is only a little way back; and never mind the basket. 'Twill be all the same a hundred years hence. Goin' a step or two further won't kill nobody."

Simple as this speech appears, it yet embraces the whole philosophy of a true and active charity. With all its benevolent intentions; with all the almsgiving, donations, and high-sounding pretensions to philanthropy, in various forms, which one meets up and down the world, there are but few persons who really feel, or can demonstrate in action, that "goin' a step or two further won't kill nobody." Many will give from their abundance that of which they can never know the want, or feel the loss; but few are willing to make any sacrifice, or submit to the least personal inconvenience—even so far as to carry a laden basket a few squares back. And yet, in these minor acts of kindness—in this willingness to do, and even suffer, for the sake of others—is the essence of all philanthropy; and what is more, they are within the reach of every human being. Few can found Asylums and build Hospitals; but every one can, in some fashion, cheer the wayside wanderer, or save the innocent, by extending that timely protection to which the larger charity may come too late.

More fortunate than she had any reason to expect, Olive was safely installed in comfortable quarters. Mrs. Bliss was a laundress; and as she lived entirely alone, having little intercourse, beyond the details of her business, with any people, and none whatever with the low and vulgar, the young guest was quite private in her humble asylum.

*It may not be known that wooden houses, whose limits were confined to ten feet in every direction, were permitted in Boston, long after it was illegal to build wooden houses of a larger size.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THERE are souls which fall from heaven like flowers; but ere the pure fresh buds can open, they are trodden in the dust of the earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the foul tread of some brutal hoof.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Banner of Progress.

MARRYING FOR A HOME.

"There is very little love in the world now-a-days. Women only marry for homes, and to have some one to take care of them, pay their bills, and keep them in idleness."

Shame upon the man who could give utterance to such a sentiment! The love principle must have been forgotten in his composition, or, more likely, he was a lazy, poor, old bachelor, who had been disappointed in obtaining a wife who would support him. "Marry for a home," indeed! Suppose, for example, that a woman could be so foolish: let us see if she does not *earn* all she gets. Among the laboring classes, the wife is expected to do all her own work. She keeps her husband's house in order, makes and washes his clothes, rears his children, looks carefully after all his interests, nurses him in sickness; in short, gives herself utterly, body and soul, to his service, and labors in all things to make his home comfortable and happy; and for all this she receives—food, clothing, and shelter.

Truly, "man is fearfully and wonderfully made," in that he is enabled to "bear up" under such tremendous sacrifices.

O, my heart is sick of all this clamor about the folly and heartlessness of women; their carelessness and incapacity; their passion for show and dress, and their worthlessness generally. Women are to a great extent what men make them, and whoever wants a true, earnest, loving wife, must begin by being a true, earnest, loving husband. Whenever men learn to court their wives upon a common-sense plan, treat them as good, sensible girls like to be treated, recognizing the cares and responsibilities of life as well as its pleasures, realizing and supplying the needs of the soul as well as the body, there will be more true love-matches, and fewer "marriages of convenience." Let a man be a brave, true, self-poised, manly man, facing the responsibilities, willing to take the risks, and bear patiently the misfortunes of life, and the best and purest women will love and honor him next to God. Such men compel the love of women. They ever bow to the noble and good in man, and yield willing obedience where they recognize superiority of soul. A woman feels herself honored and enabled by the affection of such a man. She is willing—nay, glad to leave all for his sake; hardship and privation are nothing to her, if it be shared with him; grief and sorrow but sanctify her love; and toil and trouble are cheerfully borne, if in bearing it she may shield his heart from one pang, or make his burden one feather's weight the lighter.

A. JEAN.

Several Spirits Communicate.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—At a private seance a few evening since at Mrs. Graham's, 1042 Folsom street, a lady became entranced, and gave the following, purporting to be communications from the persons named.

SAMUEL DAVIS, of San Antonio.—Was struck a blow on the head, which broke my skull, and I fell into the water; body was washed ashore, and was buried by friends. Where is God? I have not found him. My God is my darling, devoted wife, who, to ornament my tomb, has deprived herself of the comforts of life! God—God? she is my God!

WILLIAM CORFIS, formerly of Missouri, age 25.—Started from Sacramento in 1853 to cross the Sierras, on my way to Salt Lake. Took with me a keg of brandy. Laid down by it in the mountains, and drank till soul and body parted company.

CHARLES WARREN.—I am very grateful for the privilege of speaking a word or two. I lived in Sacramento. I was a teamster. Was killed by my team running away with me. Do you want to know what made my team run? Well, 'twas whisky. I had many horses, and they were all runaways.

The circle was closed by William Stillwell.

L. M. DETTENRIDER.

NORWICH, January 10th.—There is much excitement to-day over the discovery of the fact that a Spiritualist, named Charles Williams, had nearly starved his daughter, aged thirteen, by giving her only one bowl of gruel per day for three weeks, and for forty days she had nothing to eat or drink. The girl had been kept in close confinement in her room. In attempting to let herself down from the third story she fell and was somewhat hurt, when the facts were discovered. Some Selectmen took charge of the girl, whose recovery is doubtful, and the mob made an assault on Williams, who defended himself with an ax. The authorities interfered, and he has been locked up for trial.

EDS. BANNER.—I copy the above from the news items of the Sacramento Union. It may have been a thoughtless act on the part of the Union to publish that "a Spiritualist" did thus and so, but it is surely most contemptible mean. Suppose this Williams had been a Methodist, or a Baptist: think you there would have been the same desire to parade his religious belief before the public, to indicate that the man's religion was responsible for his cruel acts? He evidently was not a Spiritualist, or he would not have done as he did. Spiritualism seeketh another's good, not his harm. When will the secular press have the manliness to treat with fairness a class of natural religionists who number within their ranks many of the best minds in the land?

"Now, then, where are you driving to?" as the nail said to the hammer.

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"I would have thee, dear sister, be with me to-night,
For my soul is thirsting and seeking for light;
I would know of thy home, of its gardens and bowers,
In that beautiful land of unfading flowers."

"To tell thee, dear brother, of that sweet summer land—
Of its beautiful groves by soft zephyrs fanned—
Of its streamlets and fountains of purple and gold—
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"My dear spirit sister, if thy home is so fair,
I would fain leave this earth to be with thee there,
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"O, no, my dear brother, that cannot now be!
You must wait yet a while, ere you come home to me;
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"Keep this," she said; "and may it yet be to us a truer and purer omen than it was first intended to be. I will look on it and hope."

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She laid her hand on his forehead as he knelt before her. He pressed the hand to his lips a moment, tenderly, but gently; then rising, he whispered, "Shall we go?"

He took up her basket, and she followed him in perfect silence, through the halls, down the stairs, and out of the house. He accompanied her to the corner of the next street, when she took the basket from him and said, "Go back now."

He wrung her hand, turned a corner, and Olive was alone in that most oppressive of all solitudes, the bustling population of a great city.

CHAPTER VII.

"While I in a populous solitude languish,
Mid foes that beset me, and friends that are cold;
O, the pilgrim of Earth oft has felt in his anguish,
That the heart may be widowed before it is old."

At first Olive ran very fast through several streets; for she had not yet recovered from a sense of danger. Then she stopped for a moment and tried to collect herself; for she was bewildered, and seemed to move in a kind of maze. The intense feeling and rapid changes of the last hour had left the effect of an exciting dream. It was not without great effort that she was able to compose herself so far as to give the necessary degree of attention to the necessities of her situation. She had wandered about some time before she recollected that she had formerly an aunt living in Boston; and as soon as this idea occurred to her, she determined to seek her. She had no knowledge whatever of her aunt's residence. All she knew was that she had once lived in Boston; but whether she lived there still, or was living at all, she could not be certain. Naturally timid, and sensitive in the highest degree, with the habits of a recluse, and a total ignorance of the world, poor Olive was nearly sinking under these new terrors. She felt as if everybody must notice her, as if everybody must know her loneliness, and suspect her on account of it; and this very consciousness made her conspicuous. At length an old gentleman observed the distress which she could not conceal.

"What is the matter, my child?" said he, kindly. "You seem to be a stranger."

"I am, indeed, sir," replied Olive, dropping a little rustic courtesy; for she had always lived in the country before she came to reside with Mrs. Branch. "I wish to go to my aunt, but I don't know where to find her."

"Have you examined a directory?" inquired the gentleman; and learning that she had not, he said: "Come with me, then. I will find one, and look for you."

"Thank you, sir," answered Olive, following him with the utmost confidence and simplicity, into the store of a druggist at the corner.

"What is your aunt's name?" he then asked.

"Walcott. Mrs. Nancy Walcott," replied Olive.

"She is the widow of George Walcott," he said. "Ah!" said he; "I knew George Walcott very well. Good fellow, too—rather too good to be successful in this rough-and-tumble kind of a world. And so you were his niece, pretty one?"

"His wife was my aunt."

"Ah, yes! all the same; and better, too, perhaps. Let us look. Here we find it—only a little way off, too—out in Orange street." Then taking out a pencil, he gave her the street and number on a slip of paper.

"Come," he said, "I am fortunately going out that way; and if you can walk pretty fast I will show you along. I am a little in a hurry;" and taking out his watch, he added: "There are twenty minutes left yet. I can show you over the worst of the way in that time."

As they went along the gentleman expressed as much curiosity as his good-breeding would allow,

concerning the position of the fair young creature by his side. Olive, who was very truthful, found herself in a dilemma. She would not tell a falsehood; and how could she speak the truth? Her confusion did not escape his notice; and he delicately forebore to question her.

At length, as they had just reached a corner, the gentleman said: "I must leave you now. The next street, turning to the right, is Orange street; and your aunt's house must be, I think, on the left-hand side, about the second square up. Indeed, I hope you will find her," he added, as he gave her his hand; "for you will permit such an old fellow as I am, to say that you are quite too young, and too pretty, to be in these wicked streets alone. Good bye, and God bless you, my child!"

Olive pressed his hand to her lips, with a child-like simplicity in the act, that quite enchanted the old man.

"Ah! I know," he said, "you are a good little girl, and you feel lonesome here. I wish I could go with you."

Olive had involuntarily followed him a few steps. His protection had been such a support—such a blessing to her—that she shrunk from the loneliness which would now be more oppressive. But recollecting the engagement which her kind protector had mentioned, she did not, as she was beginning to do; but struggling for courage, she thanked him for his kindness; and, turning the corner, walked very fast until she came to Orange street; then she began to think what she should say to her aunt. She decided to tell her the whole truth; for what else could she tell? But would her aunt believe the story? Would she be willing to receive her? Oppressed with these terrible uncertainties, and various others which her fancy conjured up, Olive walked to and fro some time before she dared touch the bell. It was a plain house. The blinds were closed. There were no signs of life about, and it had, altogether, as she fancied, a most forbidding aspect.

At length, with desperate resolution, the poor forlorn girl pulled the bell. It rang louder than she intended to make it, giving a kind of sepulchral sound, as if it came from quite empty passages. The hollow echoes smote on the heart of poor Olive; and although no one came, it was some time before she ventured to ring again. At length she did so, when, after a little time, a servant-girl came up from the kitchen of the next house in the block, and inquired her business.

"I came to see my aunt, Mrs. Walcott," returned Olive. "I thought she lived here."

"Ah! no, honey! the pearly that's lived there, 's been gone this month, nearly; but if ye'll wait a bit, I'll run up stairs and git the place they's gone to; for my mistress knows her—that is, Mrs. Walcott."

Thus saying, she went back into the house, leaving the poor girl in a state of mind bordering on despair.

When she returned with another address, Olive asked: "Is it far?"

"Och, yes! it's a good mile an' a half. But ye can git a lift in the omnibus when ye're at the bottom of the strait, yonder. There! the baby's cryin', an' I must run; so go along wid ye, too, an' find yer aunt." Thus saying, the girl shut the door; and Olive was again alone—in a great city! O, that most terrible thought to a young and delicate and timid girl!

"Ah! what shall I do, and why didn't I beg that good gentleman to let me go with him, or wait for him somewhere if he couldn't go with me?" then sighed poor Olive, as she turned away.

CHAPTER VIII.

"How few, like thee, inquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humility!
Like thee, reserve their raiment for the naked,
Reach out their bread to feed the crying orphan,
Or mix the pitying tears with those that weep!"

—ROSE.

At first, Olive thought she would go out to the corner and wait, hoping possibly the gentleman might be returning the same way; but the idea of being unable to answer the questions he might ask prevented her from doing this; and besides, it was now getting late. She must try her utmost to find the place before night; for what could she do when it became dark?

So she hurried on, frequently inquiring her way. Sometimes she would receive wrong directions, and by the next instruction find that she had gone widely astray; and this caused a want of faith in everything that was told her, that greatly enhanced her distress. At length she was quite bewildered in the mazes of that most intricate of all cities; faint from want of food, and worn out with fatigue, she was nearly sinking to the earth.

She had a few shillings, and might pay for a night's lodging; but where should she go? Would not everybody suspect her, it was so unnatural for a young girl, like herself, to be alone in such a place? She looked at the thronged entrances to some of the large hotels, which her instincts seemed to tell her were the places most likely to be safe. But how could she go through all those crowds of strange men; and what should she say when she had done so? It was all terrible—inconceivably dreadful!

Is there a holy charm in certain forms of youth and beauty, that no one spoke insultingly to Olive? that even the libertine, whose cold, leaden eyes

rested so boldly on the fashionable ladies of his acquaintance, and were accustomed to wander from face to face, in search of prey, felt a sensible rebuke when they rested on her? I know not; but so it was. She attracted much attention; but yet she went on, unhurt, as if she had been a stray lamb, which impressed every one with its own sweet innocence, and thus took away all thought of injury.

At last she could go no farther; and she sank, exhausted, on the steps of a small house. She was alone in the midst of throngs of people, all going to their homes; but she had none—no home—no shelter—not even the pledge of good character, which might open for one night the doors of charity. For the charity of the world is a fine lady—nice and squeamish—and it will by no means give so much as a crust, or the roof of its kitchen or shed, to shelter the poor wanderer, lest there should be left some taint of dishonor—something on the foul garments that might soil its own over-fair and well-embroidered robes. And so Poverty, crushed and dumb—and thrust forth into the street for want of proper vouchers—is compelled to sink into the arms of Vice.

Do they who represent the Respectability and Virtue of society ever think of this?

It was growing dark. Would Olive be taken up as a vagrant, she repeatedly asked herself, and be carried off among bad people? Her brain seemed to be on fire; and its intense action made a strange and frightful contrast with her cold and powerless limbs—her heavy and sinking heart. As all these maddening thoughts, one after another, rushed on her mind, a deadly sickness came over her, and she turned ashy pale.

But she was not to be wholly neglected. The world is not completely selfish, even amid its throngs. A poor mulatto woman saw and took pity on her; and though she was in a great hurry to take home the basket of clothes, which she bore on her arm, she stopped involuntarily, and in kindest tones, tempered by a sincere respect, which was at once grateful and soothing, she said: "Are you sick, Miss?"

There was such an appearance of honesty, as well as kindness, in the words, looks, and manner of the speaker, that poor Olive's heart was opened at once; and in a few words she told enough of her sorrowful story to show that she was alone, poor, friendless, and unprotected.

"There's a great many that wouldn't believe it, Miss," said the poor woman, as she concluded her mournful narrative; "but I do. I believe every word of it. If you have any friends in the city, I'll help you find them."

"Alas!" replied Olive; "I have not even a single acquaintance here, excepting one aunt. I have been trying to find her; but I cannot."

"I have a little ten-footer* of my own, with two nice, snug rooms in it," returned the other, "if you wouldn't be too proud to go and rest there."

"O, anywhere!" cried the poor girl, who had been distressed by the inquiring and familiar looks that were frequently bent on her; "anywhere—so I get away from here!"

This was enough. Mrs. Bliss, for such was the kind woman's name, taking up her load again, and bidding Olive follow her, went along talking to herself. "It is only a little way back; and never mind the basket. 'Twill be all the same a hundred year hence. Goin' a step or two farder won't kill nobody."

Simple as this speech appears, it yet embraces the whole philosophy of a true and active charity.

With all its benevolent institutions; with all the almsgiving, donations, and high-sounding pretensions to philanthropy, in various forms, which one meets up and down the world, there are but few persons who really feel, or can demonstrate in action, that "goin' a step or two farder won't kill nobody." Many will give from their abundance that of which they can never know the want, or feel the loss; but few are willing to make any sacrifice, or submit to the least personal inconvenience—even so far as to carry a laden basket a few squares back. And yet, in these minor acts of kindness—in this willingness to do, and even suffer, for the sake of others—is the essence of all philanthropy; and what is more, they are within the reach of every human being. Few can found Asylums and build Hospitals; but every one can, in some fashion, cheer the wayside wanderer, or save the innocent, by extending that timely protection to which the larger charity may come too late.

More fortunate than she had any reason to expect, Olive was safely installed in comfortable quarters. Mrs. Bliss was a laundress; and as she lived entirely alone, having little intercourse, beyond the details of her business, with any people, and none whatever with the low and vulgar, the young guest was quite private in her humble asylum.

*It may not be known that wooden houses, whose limits were confined to ten feet in every direction, were permitted in Boston, long after it was illegal to build wooden houses of a larger size.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

There are souls which fall from heaven like flowers; but ere the pure fresh buds can open, they are trodden in the dust of the earth, and lie soiled and crushed under the foot tread of some brutal hoof.

COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Banner of Progress.

MARRYING FOR A HOME.

"There is very little love in the world now-a-days. Women only marry for homes, and to have some one to take care of them, pay their bills, and keep them in idleness."

Shame upon the man who could give utterance to such a sentiment! The love principle must have been forgotten in his composition, or, more likely, he was a lazy, poor, old bachelor, who had been disappointed in obtaining a wife who would support him. "Marry for a home," indeed! Suppose, for example, that a woman could be so foolish: let us see if she does not earn all she gets. Among the laboring classes, the wife is expected to do all her own work. She keeps her husband's house in order, makes and washes his clothes, rears his children, looks carefully after all his interests, nurses him in sickness; in short, gives herself utterly, body and soul, to his service, and labors in all things to make his home comfortable and happy; and for all this she receives—food, clothing, and shelter.

Truly, "man is fearfully and wonderfully made," in that he is enabled to "bear up" under such tremendous sacrifices.

O, my heart is sick of all this clamor about the folly and heartlessness of women; their carelessness and incapacity; their passion for show and dress, and their worthlessness generally. Women are to a great extent what men make them, and whoever wants a true, earnest, loving wife, must begin by being a true, earnest, loving husband. Whenever men learn to court their wives upon a common-sense plan, treat them as good, sensible girls like to be treated, recognizing the cares and responsibilities of life as well as its pleasures, realizing and supplying the needs of the soul as well as the body, there will be more true love-matches, and fewer "marriages of convenience." Let a man be a brave, true, self-poised, manly man, facing the responsibilities, willing to take the risks, and bear patiently the misfortunes of life, and the best and purest women will love and honor him next to God. Such men compel the love of women. They ever bow to the noble and good in man, and yield willing obedience where they recognize superiority of soul. A woman feels herself honored and ennobled by the affection of such a man. She is willing—nay, glad to leave all for his sake; hardship and privation are nothing to her, if it be shared with him; grief and sorrow but sanctify her love; and toil and trouble are cheerfully borne, if in bearing it she may shield his heart from one pang, or make his burden one feather's weight the lighter.

A. JEAN.

Several Spirits Communicate.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—At a private seance a few evening since at Mrs. Graham's, 1042 Folsom street, a lady became entranced, and gave the following, purporting to be communications from the persons named:

SAMUEL DAVIS, of San Antonio.—Was struck a blow on the head, which broke my skull, and I fell into the water; body was washed ashore, and was buried by friends. Where is God? I have not found him. My God is my darling, devoted wife, who, to ornament my tomb, has deprived herself of the comforts of life! God—God? she is my God!

WILLIAM CORRY, formerly of Missouri, age 23.—Started from Sacramento in 1853 to cross the Sierras, on my way to Salt Lake. Took with me a keg of brandy. Laid down by it in the mountains, and drank till soul and body parted company.

CHARLES WARREN.—I am very grateful for the privilege of speaking a word or two. I lived in Sacramento. I was a teamster. Was killed by my team running away with me. Do you want to know what made my team run? Well, 'twas whisky. I had many horses, and they were all runaways. The circle was closed by William Stillwell.

L. M. DETTENRIDER.

NORWICH, January 10th.—There is much excitement to-day over the discovery of the fact that a Spiritualist, named Charles Williams, had nearly starved his daughter, aged thirteen, by giving her only one bowl of gruel per day for three weeks, and for forty days she had nothing to eat or drink. The girl had been kept in close confinement in her room. In attempting to let herself down from the third story she fell and was somewhat hurt, when the facts were discovered. Some Selectmen took charge of the girl, whose recovery is doubtful, and the mob made an assault on Williams, who defended himself with an ax. The authorities interfered, and he has been locked up for trial.

EDS. BANNER:—I copy the above from the news items of the Sacramento Union. It may have been a thoughtless act on the part of the Union to publish that "a Spiritualist" did thus and so, but it is surely most contemptibly mean. Suppose this Williams had been a Methodist, or a Baptist; think you there would have been the same desire to parade his religious belief before the public, to indicate that the man's religion was responsible for his cruel acts? He evidently was not a Spiritualist, or he would not have done as he did. Spiritualism seeketh another's good, not his harm. When will the secular press have the manliness to treat with fairness a class of natural religionists who number within their ranks many of the best minds in the land?

"Now, then, where are you driving to?" as the nail said to the hammer.

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Any person sending us his or her name before the first of May, accompanied by three dollars in coin or four dollars in greenbacks, and two three-cent postage stamps, shall receive a copy of the *Banner of Progress* for one year, and the "Bouquet" and "Exposition of Three Points of Popular Theology," advertised in our columns.

The Philosophy of Religious Revivals.

This article will finish what we have intended to say upon this subject at the present time. At some future day, we may allude to it again, for the purpose of illustrating some of the phenomena of Spiritualism. In our last article, we treated of the power by which the peculiar manifestations at revivals were produced. We showed not only what that mysterious agency was, but the manner of its operation. We also showed how immense was the power which the mind possessed over this subtle agency while in the body, and the rapidity with which it may be thrown off from the system; and, further, that the mind can give direction to the currents as they flow. Hence, when a strong magnetizer is in near proximity to a negative person, he can, by his will-power alone, send a stream of magnetism from his own brain to the negative one, and gain a control even before the negative mind becomes conscious of it. Again, this nerve-aura which surrounds us is dependent upon the nature and organization of the individual, and the state of his health. A person who is a powerful magnetizer, and in perfect health, will extend this nerve-aura to a distance of from five to seven feet from himself, so that no one who is a sensitive can come within the scope of this subtle substance without being conscious of it. When we come to understand more fully the philosophy of Mesmerism, many hitherto mysterious phenomena will be clearly explained, and mankind will be benefited thereby.

How often, when passing up and down the main thoroughfares of great cities, we have seen those whose hearts were full of rottenness, licentiousness, and crimes of every name, watching for victims, little aware that we were reading their very lives, past, present, and future! This can be done without any difficulty, by a psychometrical medium. Designers against the peace and welfare of humanity foolishly suppose that a fine suit of clothes and a genteel appearance are a complete cloak to their deformity. To the casual observer it may seem so; but to the psychometrical reader they are like an open, printed book. This magical power is the "open sesame" that will unlock the mysteries of thousands of lives, when it shall be better understood. Who has not had, in their growth from infancy to manhood or womanhood, strange and unaccountable experiences, on meeting individuals and making their acquaintance for the first time? We meet persons whom we have never met before, and of whose previous history we know nothing; and, on approaching into close proximity to them, we feel a strong and almost irresistible power drawing us toward them. And so strong is the attraction at times, that we are obliged to exert all our will-power, to hinder ourselves from breaking all rules of etiquette, and rushing up to embrace them as old and long-tried friends. This may occur oftener between the sexes than between persons of the same sex, yet it is by no means the general rule.

Again, what man or woman has not at some time in life met a stranger, and, on his coming into their presence, felt something very repellent about him, the reason of which they could not discover? The stranger may have been neatly dressed, and, in all outward appearance, a true gentleman, or lady, as the case might be. If he saluted, the reply given was in monosyllables, and in an almost unconscious manner. The stranger, observing that an unfavorable impression had been given, and anxious that a more favorable one should be made, commences a conversation, running from one topic to another, and anxiously watches the result, until, at last, he strikes by chance upon a subject on which the mind of each harmonizes with the other. The repellent feeling gradually subsides, and soon a free and easy conversation flows between them. And when they part, one goes off soliloquizing somewhat after this manner: "That stranger is the most singular individual I have ever met. When he first came into my presence, I felt something so repulsive to me that I could hardly treat him with common civility. But he certainly gave evidence of extensive reading, and possesses good conversational powers; and I am quite rejoiced at forming his acquaintance, and promise myself much pleasure in his society." Again, the same stranger goes into the presence of another, who is a strong friend of the person he has just left, and who occupies nearly the same moral standpoint. Is the latter repelled from him? By no means. On the contrary, he receives him gladly, enters into conversation freely, and passes an hour very

pleasantly in his society; and when the stranger leaves, he regrets the parting, yet at the same time rejoices in having formed an acquaintance that promises to prove so pleasant and profitable. Now for the explanation: The individual who attracted you so irresistibly on coming into his presence was simply one who was largely developed in his affectional nature, and hence his nerve-aura was impregnated with the attractive power of affection, and, exerting a magnetic effect over your own affectional organs, immediately called them into play. You will bear in mind, as we pass along, that the brain, throwing off as it does a much larger proportionate amount of this nerve-aura than any other part of the physical structure, gives character to this individual influence, even as the peculiar organic structure of the brain gives its own natural idiosyncrasies to the body which it controls. That stranger, though well dressed and gentlemanly in his appearance, yet was one who lived on the animal plane, morally speaking, and hence would be repulsive to one who acted from a purer standpoint. But, possessing, as he did, a fund of information and rare conversational powers, the very moment he brought his intellectual powers into play, the emanations from the base of the brain, where he was accustomed to live, began to subside, and the emanations from the intellect soon changed the character of the nerve-aura around him. Consequently, when the other parted with him, it was with an entirely different, and at the same time false, opinion of his true character. And the reason why, on going into the presence of the second person, he was received so cordially, was simply because he met him on the intellectual plane. But suppose that the two old friends should, when accompanying each other down the street, observe this stranger performing some act that their very souls abhorred: exclamations of astonishment would escape them simultaneously; and then what bitter philippics they would pronounce against poor human nature for its deception, when that act of the stranger was just as legitimate as any other act of his life! He had simply gone back to the animal plane of development, and from that standpoint the act was perfectly consistent. Important as a correct understanding of these principles are to a harmonious development of our natures, as human beings, yet there are but few who understand them. Were these ideas better appreciated and more thoroughly taught, and understood by the masses, how many might be saved, who yearly—yea, even daily—go down in ruin! How many a young man and woman have left their rural homes of purity, and, all unsophisticated in the ways of the world, gone into the large cities to seek employment, and met with the class of vampires that prey on human innocence and weakness! The innocent nature feels at once the repelling influence; but, so assiduously does a villain manipulate his victim, promising in the mean time to befriend him, and initiate him into all the mysteries of city life, that before the poor deluded soul is aware of his condition, he finds himself standing on the brink of ruin, ready to make the fearful plunge, and without opportunity to turn and lift a warning voice to his companions, who are following in his footsteps. Under the ruling conditions of life at present, very many mothers are obliged by necessity to throw their daughters into the market and sell them for a home, position, gold, and bread, as literally as Circassian girls were ever sold in the human marts of Constantinople. The expenses of the family, with several daughters fully grown, in order to sustain their present position in society, require a larger expenditure than the limited means of the father will allow; hence, some of them must be sold in order to reduce expenses. The matter is of that urgent nature that brooks no delay, and almost anything of a marriageable character is invited to the home where innocence and purity dwell. Among others invited is perhaps some consummate libertine; he has a nice suit of clothes on his person, for which he owes the tailor, and a few pieces of borrowed money in his pocket to jingle now and then. The innocent ones shrink from his polluting touch; their sensitive natures warn them that danger is nigh; but, through the force of circumstances, the acquaintance is continued, until, at last, as the consequence of such association, the fairest flower that bloomed on the parent stem is crushed and blighted, and sent to a premature and dishonored grave. Had they understood the nature of their own being, and listened to the voice of the sentinel whom Mother Nature has placed at the door of the soul to raise an alarm when danger approaches, she might have been saved. There is much more that we would like to say on this subject, but want of space forbids.

The Seance at Fraternity Hall.

Mrs. Foye's seance on Thursday evening of last week was a grand success, as all her exhibitions of spirit communication are; and the audience were profoundly interested in all that took place. Her introductory lecture was listened to with marked attention, and contained many points worthy of remembrance. She said she did not desire or expect any one to become a Spiritualist at once, without having the evidence necessary to produce conviction; but she did expect fair and candid examination and investigation of the phenomena occurring in her presence, the result of which investigation, she confidently asserted, would lead to a belief in Spiritualism. She asked no one to take her explanation of the phenomena as the true one, but invited all to a searching scrutiny of everything that would occur, and thought it proper that the audience should appoint a committee to sit at the table with her who possessed intelligence and shrewdness, as well as boldness in investigation. A couple of gentlemen were chosen to act on the committee who were not Spiritualists, but were men of intellect and candor, and questions were asked by some of our most intelligent citizens during the sitting, which were responded to correctly and promptly.

HEREAFTER, the usual Sabbath morning meeting at Congress Hall will be omitted, in order that the people may avail themselves of the various opportunities for exercise and recreation in the open air. We shall continue to speak at the usual hour in the evening (7½ o'clock) until further notice.

More Victims of Revivals.

A reliable correspondent from San Jose informs us that the fruits of Mr. Earle's revival in that city are cropping out rapidly. One poor victim has been borne to Stockton in a state of almost hopeless insanity, in consequence of his revival efforts there, and several others are leaning in the same direction. But the matter is hushed up as much as possible by the religionists. That is right, they think. Hush it up if you can, but "be sure your sin will find you out." Had this poor unfortunate victim of religious revivalism been a Spiritualist, would these religionists have sought to hush the matter? Nay, verily: it would have been trumpeted all over the land, as additional evidence of the baleful influence of Spiritualism. Statistics will bear us out in saying, that from twenty-five to thirty go to our lunatic asylums on account of religious excitement to one because of Spiritualism. And yet the great cry against Spiritualism is, that it tends to insanity! Out upon such theological slander, fraud, and lies! Go, religious sinner, and "pull first the beam out of thine own eye, then shalt thou see clearly to pull the mote out of thy brother's eye."

We have been credibly informed, that there are now confined in the Insane Asylum no less than seven individuals, as the result of the Rev. Earle's performances on this coast—averaging two per month hopelessly ruined, in all probability; for it is well known that insanity upon religious questions is the most difficult to cure. Will all the good that he has done counterbalance this amount of evil? And yet popular theologians sustain him, pay him enormously, feast him and toast him, and laud him to the skies, when they know that he is constantly multiplying the inmates of the Insane Asylum. There must be a time of fearful retribution, if there are any principles of justice in this world's government; and when that time comes, we would not like to stand in the shoes of the Rev. Earle or his supporters. Just think for a moment of the terrible frenzy of that victim of Earleomania, after being taken into the custody of the Sheriff and placed in jail for safe-keeping, until he could be conveyed from San Jose to Stockton! How would Mr. Earle like to be a looker-on at the scene, while his victim vainly sought to dash his brains out against the walls of his cell? But this poor man is not the only one in San Jose in like condition; several others are just on the brink, with strong probabilities that they will soon fall into the whirlpool of insanity. Talk about Spiritualism filling up our Insane Asylum!

THE new evening paper, called the *Evening Dispatch*, has made its appearance, which, typographically speaking, is third-rate. Its editorials resemble, in quality and literary ability those of the *Morning Call*. In this latter respect, both papers are dear at any price. A good and cheap paper is bound to succeed, in this city, whenever it may be started. The *Call* was once a journal of some character; but it is now little else than a vehicle of advertisements and copperhead politics.

SOCIAL MEETING OF THE FRIENDS OF THE PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM.—There will be a meeting of the officers and friends of the Lyceum on Wednesday evening next, February 20th, at 7½ o'clock, at the Photographic Gallery of Marston & Main's, Crim House, Kearny street. It is hoped that all interested in the Lyceum movement will be present, as matters of importance to its success will be laid before the meeting.

We see it stated that "Castine" has vacated the editorial chair of the *Times* of this city, and gone East to "look after" the interests of that paper; having himself previously sent its interests so far East that we fear he will never be able to come up with them again. By the way, we notice that, since the babbling stream turned its course Eastward, the editorials of the *Times* are not so weak and watery as heretofore.

We shall soon publish a list of subscribers who have paid in advance for this paper. Those who have not paid will please take the hint implied in the omission of their names from the list, and not compel us to erase them from our books, which we shall most certainly do in case payment is deferred much longer. We cannot be unjust to the many who do pay, by giving the paper to the few who don't.

We wonder if the shrill piping of the statesman of the *Morning Call* is heard at Washington. If it is, it must produce a similar effect, in the ears of the patriots there assembled, to that of the voice of Hook the butcher, in old Revolutionary times, hoarsely bawling in the ears of the victorious American army in South Carolina, "Beef! beef!"

BROTHER FITZGERALD, of the *Spectator*, after holding spiritual circles, and attending them also, long enough to believe that "there is something in it," i. e. in Spiritualism, still ignores the fact that there is a Spiritualistic paper in this city, and does not exchange with us. He cannot be considered an impartial *Spectator*.

THE *Californian* lion has ceased to roar at us. This confirms all we have read of the magnanimity of the "king of beasts." Natural historians say, that, when beaten by the superior sagacity of the hunter, the animal retires from the field, with head depressed, and mane no longer erect, and no sound escapes from his formidable mouth.

SUBSCRIBERS for our BANNER are coming in now pretty fast, and we are gratified with the prospect. Ten paying subscribers in one day this week, and fourteen in another, certainly encourage us to persevere. Our present receipts are at the rate of one hundred and seventy-five subscribers per month.

In one of the late editorials of the *Times*, the writer, in speaking of our country, says she has reached the manhood of her strength! This confounding of the sexes is worse than the confusion of tongues.

THE *Dramatic Chronicle*, during the past week, contained a very temperate temperance article, which is commendable to all who think upon this subject, as well as to some who drink too much to think upon any.

PHENOMENAL FACTS.

Physical Manifestations.

On the third evening, Aug. 25th, at the house of Gen. Vallejo, in Sonoma, the circle again convened, according to mutual agreement with the spirits controlling these manifestations. The circle was composed of the same parties as on the previous evening. Many of the performances of the two previous evenings were repeated at the commencement of the sitting. The guitar was taken away as before; and, on searching diligently in the room, in the hall outside of the house, and on the verandas, it could not be found. The search was then given up. While still wondering where and how it would be brought back again, an infant was heard crying up stairs; a servant-girl was called, and sent up to quiet the child, while some members of the circle stood in the hall at the foot of the stairs; on arriving at the top of the stairs, the servant stumbled over some object in the passage; she immediately cried out, "Here is the guitar!" It was then proposed to leave the guitar where it was found, return to the parlor, re-form the circle, and ask the spirits to return the guitar, as they had done on the night before. They consented to do so, but it was agreed that, meantime, other manifestations should take place. A drum was procured from an adjoining room, and it was then asked if some spirit-friend of Mrs. Tracy was present, who could and would rap out his name, by means of the alphabet, on the drum. The answer was yes; and, the alphabet being called, the name of Thomas Miller was spelled out. Mrs. Tracy informed the circle that this was the name of a dear friend, with whom she was acquainted in her younger days, and that he had died at a military school in the State of Maryland. The spirits then manifested a desire that there should be a performance of music, and Mrs. Dr. Frisbie went to the piano and played. Mrs. Tracy, Nathalia Vallejo, and Dr. Frisbie took seats on one of the sofas. The rest kept their seats at the table. The spirits were again requested to bring the guitar back into the room, answering yes. According to their instructions, the lights were then extinguished, and while Mrs. Frisbie was still seated at the piano, the whizzing noise was heard again; when Mrs. Frisbie, being very much excited, groped her way towards the sofa where her husband was seated; but before she could reach him, the guitar came in contact with her dress. She, somewhat frightened, endeavored to escape from it, but it followed her, and she exclaimed, "Strike a light; the guitar is stepping after me!" The lights were immediately produced, when the guitar was seen to be gently falling away from her person toward the floor, which it reached without producing the slightest noise. Dr. Van Geldern took up the guitar, and placed it upon one of the sofas. The circle had now made up their minds to adjourn, when Uladislaw Vallejo observed that there was something like a piece of paper sticking under the strings of the guitar, close to the bridge. On examination it was found to be a visiting-card which had for some time been stuck in the corner of a looking-glass frame, in the room where the circle sat; and it had not been noticed by any one that it was removed. On closer inspection, the following words, written with a pencil, were found upon it: "I am the spirit of Thomas Miller who writes this communication. Geo. Butler is a writing medium. Your circle is not entirely harmonious." The next puzzle was to ascertain how and when it was written. On comparing it with the hand-writing of Butler, it was found to resemble it precisely. Mr. Butler strenuously denied all knowledge of this communication; but, on inquiring of the spirit about it, we were informed that he had written it through Butler's hand, having previously made him unconscious for that purpose, while the circle were awaiting the return of the guitar. This singular occurrence called forth some remark, and turned the current of their thoughts into a new channel. It is well to remark here, that young Butler had not been, previous to this event, aware of his mediumship. To test the reality of this mysterious discovery, it was asked if the spirit would now write more communications in the same way. This was assented to by the spirit. Paper and pencil were placed before the medium. The lights were extinguished, and the spirit soon made an attempt to control the hand of Mr. Butler; it appeared to him, and also to the others, who heard the sound of the pencil, that the spirit was endeavoring to draw lines across the paper. Mr. Butler, becoming annoyed, threw down the pencil, saying, "I don't like this business." But immediately the circle were made aware by a rustling of the paper, that it was carried upward toward the ceiling; and on groping for the pencil on the table, it was discovered that it had also disappeared. The spirit rapped out, in answer to questions by Dr. Van Geldern in regard to this occurrence, that the circle should patiently await the return of the expected spirit-message for a few minutes. Meanwhile, raps were heard, as if made by the pencil, on the lid of the piano, on the looking-glass, and on other objects. After a few minutes, as predicted, the paper was heard descending from the ceiling with the same rustling noise as when it was carried off. The pencil immediately apparently fell from the ceiling also, and struck upon the table. Lights were produced instantly, and, to the astonishment of all, a different sheet of paper from that which had been taken away, was found upon the table; the spirit having chosen to appropriate, from an open portfolio on the center-table, a small sized sheet, which bore a vignette representing the residence and adjoining grounds of Gen. Vallejo, within which the circle were then sitting. The first sheet offered for the use of the spirit was not ruled, whereas the latter was. A communication, written in a neat style of penmanship, strictly upon the ruled lines of the paper, was discovered, and was read aloud to the circle by Dr. Van Geldern. The following is the communication referred to, omitting a sentence of an exclusively personal nature:

"All hail! ye inhabitants of the rudimental sphere; a new era dawns upon the world; the spirits of the departed will not only take cognizance of the affairs of this mundane world, but will, hereafter, through their superior cultivation and more developed powers, exalt and ennoble the whole race of man. Thrice blessed is the present generation, for they shall witness the amelioration of all human maladies, and the introduction of a system of philosophy and religion in complete

harmony with the designs and attributes of Deity. False theories and pernicious practices shall give way to an enlightened system of truth and the method. Disease shall no longer be the 'opprobria medicorum.' Its ravages shall be stayed; human life shall be greatly prolonged; and man's happiness ten-fold advanced. * * * Pursue, friend, your progress, and cease not your studies, until the glorious sun of truth shall reveal all mystery, and enable you to discern, even as disembodied spirits discern, the mysteries of human life and human destiny. THOS. MILLER."

Dr. Frisbie remarked, "I wonder if the spirit will write a communication for me." The spirit expressing a willingness to do so, a pencil and ruled paper were furnished, the lights again extinguished, and the paper carried up and returned in the same mysterious way as before, in a much shorter time than was the previous communication. The candles re-lighted, the following answer was found written upon the paper:

"I am the guardian spirit of only the good and true, and mingle not with the sordid sons of the earth. Dr. Frisbie has voluntarily abandoned a profession which, more nearly than any other, approaches the pure duties of humanity; and until he returns to his first love, and is content to labor for the welfare of the race, he cannot harmonize with the pure and ethereal natures of the spirit-land. THOS. MILLER."

On the back were endorsed the words, "For Dr. Frisbie." The Dr. expressed the opinion that the spirit who wrote the above communication was rather insulting. After some conversation, Mrs. Tracy remarked somewhat sadly, "Now, after nearly every one of you has received some satisfactory answer, I wonder if the spirit of Thomas Miller has anything to say to me." On placing writing materials and darkening the room as before, the same method was pursued by the spirit, and the following communication was returned to the circle:

"To Miss THEODORA FLATARD.—My dear friend, I had left your circle, and plumed my flight to loftier heights and nobler associations than yours, but an unusual sadness oppressed my spirits as I pondered upon the incredulity of man. You have called me again to your presence, and in memory of the past, I hasten to greet you as the dearly loved one of my youth; even here, in the full fruition of celestial bliss, I dwell often upon the happy days of our earthly association, and long to communicate the mysteries of our glorious science. You are growing in harmony with our circles here, and as your guardian spirit, I will conduct you to a full realization of joys of which your mind has as yet but obtained but faint and transient glimmerings. In your youth, as you were the exemplar of many rare and nobler virtues, so shall you in time to come be the instructor of many in our noble science. You do not know it, but I assure you that you yourself are a medium, and hereafter I shall use you to impart light to the benighted. THOS. MILLER."

This was endorsed, "For Miss Theodora Flatard." On hearing the commencement of the above communication read, Mrs. Tracy exclaimed, "Now is it not strange that he uses my maiden name?" As the reading was concluded, she said, "That will do; I thank him." The spirits were then requested, as a last favor, to touch some of the members of the circle. This was done accordingly; several said they had been touched in various portions of the body, as they had desired; Andronico Vallejo received a slap on the cheek which was heard by all present; and Dr. Frisbie received, undesired by him, a not very gentle tap on the top of his head, which made him repeat the remark that they were very insulting spirits. The Dr. had during the evening been excluded from the circle by the spirits, and kept at a distance from it; and this had a tendency to put him out of humor. It was then asked if the spirits would carry the drum from the place where it had been deposited, which was under the piano, and place it upon the table. The drum was taken up from the floor, and carried towards the table, but before reaching it, the spirits somehow lost control, and it was dropped upon the shoulder of one of the circle, and fell to the floor by his side. Being again requested to take it up gently and place it upon the table, it was raised up once more for that purpose, but in its passage, it struck the head of Andronico, and was then laid upon the table. Dr. Van Geldern and Andronico, being curious to know what the spirits would do if resisted in anything they undertook, asked them to carry it back to their former place under the piano; at the same time, both seized hold of the drum to prevent it from being removed, and endeavored to retain it in their grasp; but it was quickly and easily wrested from them, and carried to the spot designated. The sitting was then closed, and the party separated.

A Strike Among the Clergy.

A number of the ministers of the Ohio Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church recently held a meeting at Sabini, and resolved, after earnest discussion, that they would take no appointments during the ensuing year unless they were assured of a salary of at least a \$1,000. The clergy are quite right in coming to this resolution. To secure the salvation of a whole congregation for a thousand dollars a year is cheap as dirt. People who are in general per cent, to insure their shanties from conflagration, and ought to be ready to come down liberally to insure their immortal tabernacle from brimstone fires. It is bad enough to be burned out of our earthly tenement, but to be stuck on old Beelzebub's pitchfork and eternally broiled like a Saddle Root oyster or an East River shad, is a little more worthy of precaution. The clergy should, therefore, refuse to issue any policy of salvation without the proper *quid pro quo*, in the shape of greenbacks. In fact, their demand is very reasonable, and they ought to have demanded more. Still, living is not so expensive out West as it is here, and clergymen and editors in the rural districts mix in a little agriculture and general business with politics and the gospel. The parson not unfrequently teaches the young idea how to shoot, and sandwiches arithmetic and Deuteronomy in the minds and hearts of his hearers; and the editor, besides writing editorials, sets the type and distributes the paper, chops wood, tends the baby, and takes the subscription to his journal in the shape of a load of wood, a bushel of potatoes, or a barrel of "apple-sauce." Notwithstanding these outside sources of supply, however, the parsons should stand by their subscriptions, and compel their callous and ungodly hearers to choose between paying a liberal stipend and being eternally rapped through hell like a singed cat.—N. Y. *Sunday Mercury*.

If, as a writer in the *Californian* said, the ghost of the *American Flag* pined the forms of the *Alta*, what will be the effect of the resurrection of that paper, fully panoplied, and ready to struggle again for the supremacy in journalism? The *Flag* will be no *Times*-server, but will serve timely blows upon all shams and fossilized conservatives.

CIRCUMSTANCES having transpired which make it necessary for us to withdraw the appointment for Sonoma county, and to make some different arrangement as to time, due notice of the same will be given next week.

St. L.

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